THE DEMOCRAT.

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OF YOU.

I've been looking over pictures which, when we've strolled out together,
We have taken of familiar scenes and ragged bits of heather;
And one is of a valley, and a shallow river flows
Like a ribbon through its windings, and it babbles all is knows
To the trees as it flows past them, and gives back the turquoise blue
Of the skies that arch above it, and one picture is of you.

We two wandered far and careless on that day that you'll recall,
And we took the cliffs at sunset and we took the waterfall,
And we took the quaint old bridges built of timber in the bark,
And we took old eerie hollows, where deep shadows lay, and dark;
And we took the cliffs high 'scarpment outlined against the blue;
But I took another picture and that picture was of you!

You are standing by a highway stooped to pluck a marguerite
And the eager blooms are rushing in white billows to your feet,
And the country road goes winding out of sight around the base
Of the mighty hill behind you; and the flowers touch your face
With a sweet caress, and gentle; and a light is in your eye
Bright as on a summer's morning shines the blue and dew-drenched sky!

Fate may rob me of the pictures of each fern-clad slope and brake,
Of the tall elms, and the river that goes babbling to the lake,
Of the quaint old inn we dined at with its ancient inglenook;
Everything from hill's high summit to the wee, cress-covered brook,
And may send me empty-handed far from scenes I loved and knew;
But my heart will hold forever that one picture, dear, of you.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Diplomacy of Grandma.

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

GRANDMA was a person of decided character. From the first Stephen Ward had been her favorite grandchild, and she had never taken any pains to conceal her partiality for the sturdy lad. His sister Eleanor was by far the prettier baby, the more attractive as a child, and the greater credit to the family during her teens; but Stephen, although the lad himself was slow to discover the fact, had found the somewhat difficult way to his grandmother's loyal heart. By the time Stephen was 17 there was a curious bond of friendship between the bright old lady and the awkward boy.

Mrs. Ward, Stephen's mother, had had several sisters, but no brothers. She had lost two little girls before Stephen's birth, and she had once been a little girl herself. She understood girls, and preferred them to boys. She was a sweet, tender-hearted, self-sacrificing mother, and of course she loved Stephen; but she could not always see things from the boy's point of view. Try as she might, she could not imagine herself a 17-year-old boy.

Grandma Ward, on the other hand, was the mother of a large family of boys. As a child she had had no playmates but her own four brothers. With them she had climbed trees, played ball, piled wood and torn her clothes, and was none the worse for it in her old age. Few women have it in them to understand boy nature as Grandma Ward.

It was this sympathetic grandmother who caught Stephen preparing to smoke his first—and last—pipe. Wisely refraining from any reproaches, the astute old lady showed him how to pack the tobacco into the bowl, heroically sat beside him in the reeking atmosphere of the barn, where the episode took place, and remained with him to the bitter end. How bitter the end was only Stephen and his grandmother ever knew. From that time forth Stephen trusted his grandmother with secrets that another boy would have kept securely locked within his own bosom.

The lad loved the woods and the water to a very unusual degree. He knew the habits of the birds; he could swim like a fish in the waters of Lake Superior; he could distinguish between spruce and balsam, hemlock and jackpine, soft maple and hard maple.

Moreover, he was honest, sweet-tempered and obliging. But in spite of these good traits his parents and his teachers found him at one time a difficult problem.

Stephen hated school. His young sister easily overtook him, jogged along beside him for a week or two, and then left him far behind on the path of knowledge.

"Stephen's only ambition," one of his teachers reported, "is to escape with the others at four o'clock. When he isn't looking out of the window he is watching the clock, or drawing maps of the lumber roads north of town."

"Isn't there a single study that he takes a little interest in?" asked Mrs. Ward, anxiously.

"It is possible he might shine in the kindergarten department," was the teacher's reply, "for I found 27 kinds of leaves in his desk the other day. But seriously, Mrs. Ward, I'm afraid Stephen will never get out of the freshman class. He seems to be anchored right there. It's a wonder to me that he ever got so far. His spelling is really atrocious and his algebra—"

"He was promoted by special arrangement," said Mrs. Ward. "Professor Perkins thought it might be better for him to skip the eighth grade and make up later. Perhaps he'll be more interested when he gets to the botany class."

"He'll never get there," said the discouraged teacher. "There are too many other things that come before botany."

Besides being slow, Stephen was easily the biggest boy in his grade. He had caught up to his hands and feet, although there had been a time when these growing members seemed all out of proportion to his body.

He grew sensitive as well as tall, and finally he announced that he would not go to school another day.

"I'll do anything else you want me to," said Stephen, sitting in solemn conclave with his disappointed parents. "I'll go to the copper country and work in the mine, or I'll stay here and work up from the bottom in one of the iron-mines. I'll fire on an engine or go into the powder-mills or I'll work on a farm; but no, thank you, no more school for me!"

"But, Stephen," urged his mother, "you can't do any of those things successfully without an education."

"Capt. Banks did."

"Do you want to be like Capt. Banks?"

"Well, not just like him," Stephen admitted. "I don't intend to drink or bluster around the way he does; but he makes piles of money. He boasts that he never went to school a day in his life."

"Well," said Mrs. Ward, "no one who had ever listened for five minutes to his conversation would think of disbelieving him."

His mother coaxed, his father scolded, and Eleanor upbraided him, but all to no purpose. Stephen started ostensibly for school, to keep peace in the family, but in reality spent all school hours in the woods, as he frankly confessed when he returned at night.

The boy had suddenly developed an obstinacy as appalling as it was surprising. His parents did not know what to do. Stephen was too old for corporal punishment, and he would not listen to reason.

It was at this juncture that Grandma Ward rose to the occasion.

"Let the lad alone," said she. "You're not using the right sort of bait. He's got a streak of his Grandfather Ward in him. His grandfather was so obstinate that he would have planted his apple trees upside down if anybody had told him not to. It took me 15 years to learn to manage Alonzo Ward, but when I once learn a thing I don't forget it. Leave that boy to me for a month; but whatever you do, don't let him suspect that I'm paying any extra attention to him."

Grandma Ward's room was on the ground floor of the rambling, old-fashioned house. She was too stout to climb stairs easily, and her thoughtful daughter-in-law had made the large room a very comfortable spot.

The elder Mrs. Ward never objected to Stephen's "trash," as his mother called the curiously shaped bits of fungi, the specimens of mineral, the agates and insects that the lad was constantly collecting. He never felt that his own room was entirely safe from invasion. The housemaid's devastating broom had more than once played havoc with his hoard; but he had implicit confidence in his grandmother. His choicest treasures occupied the shelf over the grate, and no one knew how frequently she was obliged to disentangle her knitting from the ribs of his precious, but evil-smelling, skeletonized trout.

Stephen, with no school work to do, fell into the habit of spending many of his evenings on his grandmother's hearth-rug. It was almost dark by five o'clock, and the boy usually reached home at that hour. He had always been an obliging youth, except in the one matter of going to school. When his grandmother, whose eyes seemed suddenly to have failed, asked him to write some important business letters for her, incompetent Stephen complied with the utmost cheerfulness.

The concern with the outside world that his grandmother seemed all at once to possess came as something of a surprise to Stephen. He had had no idea that the enterprising old lady had so many and such varied interests.

Stephen was required to order seeds from the catalogues, to inquire into the details of various projects advertised in the magazines, to write for information regarding certain stocks, bonds and parcels of land that existed only in his grandmother's vivid imagination. The unsuspicious boy never knew how many of the laboriously written letters were mailed, to quote Grandma Ward's quaint phrase, "up the chimney to Santa Claus." Stephen wrote them all in good faith. He patiently and conscientiously added up long columns of figures, looked up in the dictionary the words he was unable to spell—their number was truly appalling—and began, just as Grandma Ward intended he should, to realize his limitations. Up to this point she had said little, but finding her unconscious pupil in a receptive mood one day, she confided some of her troubles to him.

"You see," said she, apologetically, "I'd write those letters myself, but it isn't only my eyes that trouble me; it's my lack of learning. Business letters have to be done sort of particular. My writing's terribly poor; I don't always know how to spell; I'm not sure of my grammar, and I never could figure well enough to come within a dozen rows of apple-trees of being right. I didn't have a chance to learn those things when I was young, and nobody knows what a difference they've made all through my life.

"A body that can't figure can't do anything. It's surprising, when you come to think about it, what a quantity of figuring there is in everything. Then there's grammar. If you don't feel sure of your grammar, there are times when you don't dare open your mouth for fear of shocking your relations. Many's the time I've just kept my mouth shut when I was just bursting to say something, but didn't have the grammar to say it with. Many's the time I've had things that were well worth saying, but I didn't dare say them for fear of making some mistake before your mother's friends."

Sympathetic Stephen felt suddenly sorry for his poor, hampered grandmother, who, indeed, always sat dumb when there was company, although Stephen had not suspected the reason.

"If your father hadn't had to leave school when he did," continued the wise old lady, "'twould have been dollars in his pocket. He had to learn things when he was a man grown that most ten-year-old boys know nowadays.

"I've lost friends that I'd have been glad to keep, only I was afraid they'd find out I wasn't educated if I wrote to them. I had a letter from Horace Greeley once, when I was a girl, and I couldn't read it. I used to know him well, and I would have answered that letter, but I didn't know how. I couldn't spell much more than my own name those days."

Stephen thought of his own spelling and blushed. He remembered uneasily that he had written notes to some of the high-school girls in the past, and that Bessie Smith had giggled over hers.

"Did Stephen write this?" asked Mr. Ward, holding up a sheet of paper that he had found on his mother's table one day, while looking for a magazine.

"Yes," said Grandma Ward.

"Why, that's a better business letter than I can write to-day. His teachers must have been mistaken about him."

"Oh, no, they weren't," said Grandma Ward, with a twinkle in her eye. "He's improved lately. He is now my private secretary."

"Your what?" gasped Mr. Ward.

"My private secretary. I've started a business college for his benefit."

"You!"

"Yes, Robert. Common sense makes up for the lack of education sometimes, although I wouldn't admit that to Stephen."

"He ought to be in school," said Mr. Ward.

"Never you mind about that," said Grandma Ward. "You won't be able to keep him out of school by this time next year. Letter-writing isn't the only thing I'm teaching him."

"I won't interfere," said Mr. Ward, "but I have my doubts about his ever liking school."

There were times when Grandma Ward, too, had doubts. If Stephen had not been genuinely fond of his grandmother, the good woman, shrewd as she was, would have failed in her curious undertaking. As it was, Stephen swelled with pride when he thought how indispensable he was to his poor, dependent grandmother. No one else had ever made him feel that he was indispensable, and he thoroughly enjoyed the novel sensation.

Grandma Ward continued to lie awake at night to concoct business for Stephen to attend to in the daytime. She saw with delight that when a particularly knotty problem came up Stephen turned, as a last resort, to his hated text-books for the solution of the difficulty.

With infinite tact she made him feel at every turn how poorly he was equipped for any sort of a business career.

"Grandma," said Stephen, looking up from the dictionary one winter night, "you can keep a secret, I know, for you never told anyone about that awful pipe. Don't say a word about this to others until I'm safe out of the house; but I've made up my mind to go back to school in the morning. There's a lot of things I've just got to know more about. I believe some part of my brain has been taking a nap. Things seem more interesting than they used to. I believe I could catch up with the class if I tried."

And he caught up before the next term ended.—Youth's Companion.

CARE OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

A Few Simple Suggestions Which Will Lead to Economy and Cleanliness.

The refrigerator is one of the important household appanages for which the chatelaine must hold herself directly responsible. Servants are prone to be phenomenally careless in this respect, and a refrigerator in bad condition is a menace to health. The position of the refrigerator is important. It should not be kept in the cellar or other damp location, but should always be placed where it can be well lighted and drained. Never allow the drain pipe to connect with the sewer. A new refrigerator should be allowed to stand from 12 to 24 hours after the ice chamber is filled before any article of food is placed in it, advises the New York Herald.

In up-to-date houses there are separate refrigerators for milk and butter and meat, with still another compartment for fruit and vegetables. The vegetable and milk compartments are lined as well as shelved with heavy glass. Where one has no separated and quarantined divisions neither fish, cheese, cabbage, onions nor bananas should be kept in the general refrigerator. Their flavor will not only affect the other food, but will render the butter, milk and any gelatinous preparations absolutely unfit for use. When artificial ice is used care must be taken not to let fish come in contact with it, as the ammonia used in the freezing affects the fish. Meat should never be laid directly on the ice, natural or artificial, as it extracts all the good meat juices.

Ice should always be washed and laid carefully in the ice box, not thrown in. Most housekeepers contend from their own experience that ice wrapped in a thick coating of newspapers lasts longer than when left uncovered, but the manufacturers say it should not be wrapped in anything, as that prevents the free circulation of cold air. The inference is plain. If the saving in the ice bill is the main object to be achieved, wrap the ice. If, as in extremely hot weather, there is danger of the food spoiling, uncover. One woman thinks she has simplified matters by covering the outside and top of her ice box with a heavy blanket lined with newspapers.

In getting ice it is a matter of economy to put in as large a piece as possible at first, in order that the refrigerator may become thoroughly cooled, then keep full, or nearly so, as a small quantity of ice will melt much faster. In a small ice box 25 pounds put in three times a week will last better than a smaller piece put in daily. In taking ice from the refrigerator for table use no more should be picked off than is needed on account of its melting so much more rapidly. Covers and doors should always be kept tightly closed. Food must never be placed in the refrigerator until thoroughly cooled, as it occasions moisture. Neither should food be kept in the refrigerator without ice and with cover and doors closed. Chemicals of any kind must be kept out of the ice box and all hooks should be heavily tinned.

Once a week is often enough to wash the refrigerator, if ordinary care is given to the articles stored in it. Take everything from the interior, put the shelves in a large dishpan and wash in hot soapsuds in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Rinse with cold water, wipe perfectly dry and put out doors in the sun to dry for an hour. Wash the sides of the refrigerator in the same way, using a flexible wire for the drain pipe and skewers for the corners and grooves. Also pour warm water in the waste pipe to clear the slime that accumulates from the ice.

Fancy Baked Apples.

Pare and core the apples, lay them in a baking dish and fill each with sugar. Stick a clove in each apple and cover the dish. Bake half an hour, then remove the cover and continue baking until the apples are tender and browned but not broken. The time of cooking really depends on the kind of apple, as some varieties cook in much less time than others. Take the apples up into a glass dish and serve with cream.—Detroit Free Press.

Green Corn Griddle Cakes.

Grate a dozen ears of corn; put this pulp in a bowl, beat two eggs, the whites of the eggs and yolks separately, add the yolks first, a little salt, and not more than a tablespoonful of flour, then the whites of the eggs, and bake in little thin cakes, like a pancake, on a griddle. Do not use any flour if the cakes will turn nicely without.—Good Housekeeping.

To Clean White Plumes.

Dissolve in four pints of hot water four ounces of white soap, cut into small pieces, and make a lather by beating the water as you would an egg; then put in the feather and rub it well with the hands for five or six minutes. After this, wash it in clean water as hot as the hands can bear it. Shake until dry.—American Queen.

Not Well Named.

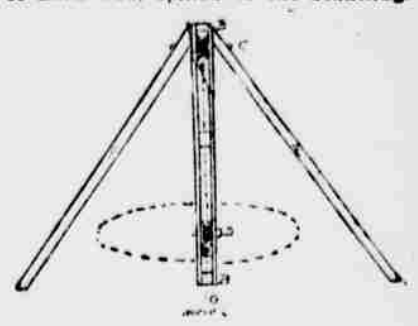
The "Jew nose," with a hook, was found in but six per cent. of 3,000 Hebrews observed by Dr. Fishberg, medical examiner for the United Hebrew societies. Straight noses constituted 68 per cent., broad noses 12 per cent. and retrousse noses 11 per cent.

THE FARMING WORLD

CLEANING FARM WELLS.

How to Build a Derrick Which Facilitates the Work and Is Simple in Construction.

Every farmer should have his well good and clean for the winter months. Here is a design for a handy well derrick. The scantlings are 12 feet long, two by four inches thick, made of elm. The three pieces at each end and the middle are four by four inches, also of hardwood, spiked to the scantling.



DERRICK FOR CLEANING WELL.

A one and one-fourth inch hole is bored at the top, about 14 inches from the end. Another hole, the same size, is bored at the bottom, about one and one-half feet from the end.

The cut shows the derrick set up for use. The legs are 11 feet long, four inches thick, and of good, solid timber. A one and one-fourth inch hole is bored through the top for the bolt to go through. The inside part of the leg where the hole is bored should be made like a wedge, so as to fit closely against the scantlings. The pulleys are 12 inches in diameter, and are made of wood. The rope should be put over the top pulley, and under the bottom pulley. The legs should be sunk in the ground, so they will not slide and let the derrick fall. A good strong hook should be securely fastened on the rope. A steady horse can operate this all right, once it is understood.—Harry H. Postle, in Farm and Home.

THE OLD-TIME DAIRY.

Much Fun Was Poked at It, But Its Owner Usually Acquired a Bank Account.

Only under certain conditions, the dairy means wealth to the farmer, and fertility to his farm. If these conditions be not secured, and maintained, dairying will exhaust the farm and impoverish the farmer more speedily and more hopelessly than almost any other form of farming. When the milk is sold off the farm, it carries with it the fertility of the soil, and generally the net price of the milk is too low to pay for making it and to replace the fertility removed with it. This hard fact underlies all the complaints of dairy farmers about the profitlessness of dairy farming.

Old-time dairy farming sent from the farm only the butter, and the old-time farmers made money and were the most independent men on arth. Whn farmers once more take up home churning, dairy farming will once more become steadily and satisfactorily profitable, and dairy farms will once more increase, instead of decrease, in fertility. The most forlorn thing in the farming region is the large dairy farm, once fertile and operated profitably by its owner, who made butter, now worn-out and starving and working to death the tenant who occupies and operates it. It produces only fractional crops of grass, corn, rye, wheat and other crops, and the milk it makes is poor in quality, small in quantity, and high in cost.

It goes away in cans while the churn rots in the shed or garret. It nets the tenant 75 cents for each dollar he puts into it. He can't pay his rent. The owner says he is no good. The tenant says the farm is no good—and both are right. The churn, substituted for the can, would change such farms decidedly and profitably for both owner and tenant. When will farmers open their eyes to the business folly implied in the senseless work that is miscalled "dairy farming?" Butter is the basis of farm wealth and fertility, but farmers in these days seem to think that butter-making is hard work in comparison with milk shipping. On this fundamental error they have built and are maintaining the losing shipping business, throwing away the soil of their farms along with their own strength, health, work, comfort and lives.—Midland Farmer.

Keeping Boys on the Farm.

A prominent breeder of Short-horns claims to have found a way to keep the boys on the farm. As each boy reaches a certain age he gives him a few good pedigreed females, bargaining that he is to have all the males while the boy receives all the females. The father claims that it pays him well, while the son soon finds himself with a small herd of improved animals on his hands and has no desire to leave the farm.